

The Girl who Tamed Unicorns

by Liz Abbott

Category: Harry Potter

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-02-01 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-02-01 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 13:05:07

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 17,054

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The story of a new arrival at Hogwarts. Sorry, this is a bad summary, but I'm new at this.

The Girl who Tamed Unicorns

It was the opening feast for the term, Harry's fourth. He, Ron, and Hermione were sitting at the Gryffindor table, waiting for the Sorting ceremony to begin, when Harry was surprised to see Ron's eyes widen, and his mouth open in wonder as he stared at a place over Harry's head.

Harry turned around to see the Head table where all the teachers sat and knew at once what Ron was staring at. Standing by Professor Dumbledore's chair was the most beautiful girl Harry had ever seen. She was tall and slim, with dark brown hair that curled around her face before falling down her back in long, curly locks. She looked to be about fourteen, Harry's age. Oddly enough, she wasn't dressed in wizard clothing. She was wearing a yellow short-sleeve sundress that fell to her ankles and fit her perfectly. She was talking to the headmaster, or rather, listening as he talked. When she smiled at something he said, Harry was reminded of a picture of an angel in a painting he had seen in a book once.

There was something strange, though, about her. Harry had a funny feeling he'd seen her before. Her face looked really familiar, but he couldn't place it.

"Who is that?" whispered Ron.

Hermione craned her neck to see. "I don't know," she replied. "She's awfully pretty, don't you think?"

"She's beautiful," answered Ron. Harry looked at his best friend. The blush spreading across Ron's face almost matched his red hair. "Don't you think she's lovely, Harry?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Harry. Where had he seen her before? It was

going to drive him crazy.

The conversation was then interrupted by the entry of the new first years, and the start of the Sorting Ceremony. Harry sneaked a glance back at the girl. She was watching with rapt, if not a little nervous, attention. She wasn't one of the ones sorted, though, so Harry concluded she wasn't a new student. New students were always sorted, although Hogwarts rarely took students after the first year. Too bad, he thought. Ron sure seems to like her. Ron, too, had not taken his eyes off the girl.

After the ceremony was over and the new Gryffindors had been welcomed to their table, Dumbledore stood up to make several announcements. The students waited anxiously to be able to eat. After what seemed like forever, he said "I have one final announcement to make, concerning the lovely young lady to my left." The pretty girl smiled nervously at the crowd. "This, everyone, is Camille Th  nard. She and her family have recently moved to England from Monaco, which is a small island nation off the coast of France. There are no wizard schools in Monaco, and so Camille grew up in a Muggle school. However, when she came to England at the beginning of the summer, we could not help noticing her magic talents, and have decided to admit her to Hogwarts in her fourth year."

He smiled at Camille. "I trust everyone will make her feel very welcome, and help her to learn the ways of our school as you would help any new student. Remember that she is not only getting used to a new school, but a new language and country as well. I have decided to place her in Gryffindor, seeing as we had a vacancy when Lavender Brown moved to China with her family. This is why she was not sorted. I assure you, however, that Gryffindor is probably the right place for her anyway." He turned back towards the girl. "Alright, my dear, go and join your housemates," he said, pointing in the direction of the Gryffindor table.

She smiled a thanks and headed in their direction, as Gryffindors burst into applause all around the table.

Behind her, Professor McGonagall said under her breath, "Headmaster, there's no empty seat for her at that table. Shall I go and mag  ?"

"Yes, I know there's no seat, Minerva," replied Dumbledore. "Let's just see what happens."

As Camille approached Harry's end of the table, Ron, Dean Thomas, and Fred and George Weasley all jumped up. "Here, take my seat," they all offered, almost in unison.

Camille looked quizzically at them, as if wondering why in the world anyone would offer her a seat. "No thank you," she said quietly, "I'll find my own." And, snapping her fingers, she created a chair beside Ron's out of thin air, and sat down. At the Head table, Professors Dumbledore and McGonagall chuckled quietly.

"Cool!" said Dean as he took his seat. "How'd you do that? That's complicated transfiguration. We haven't even learned to make things out of thin air, yet, and we've been going here for three years!"

Camille, again, looked confused. "You can't do that? Well, it's not that hard. I'm sure you'll pick it up very easily." She looked almost embarrassed to know something they did not.

Ron was still standing, looking down at her in awe. Camille sensed this, looked up at him, and smiled. "Aren't you going to sit down?" she asked in that same, quiet voice.

Ron couldn't speak, but he sat, blushing. Hermione giggled behind her napkin at Ron's red face. Camille looked up at Hermione, probably thinking that she was the one being made fun of. Harry gave Hermione a stern look and turned his attention back to Camille.

"I'm Harry," he said, extending his hand. "And that's Hermione, Ron, Dean, Fred and George." He pointed to the people sitting around them, although everyone at the table was looking in Camille's direction.

Camille smiled and took his hand. "How do you do?" Soon everyone was shaking her hand, even Ron, although he couldn't look at her as he mumbled "How do you do?"

"So, you're from Monaco?" said Dean. "That's neat. Do you speak French?"

"Say something in French," said George.

Camille thought for a moment and said "La coeur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît pas." The others looked at her quizzically. "It means 'The heart has its reasons of which reason is unaware.'"

"Say it again," said Dean. "And teach us."

Camille repeated the phrase slowly, and let the others repeat parts after her. "Très bien," she said, when they seemed to have mastered it, although none could say it as fast as she could. Everyone was impressed by her pretty French accent, and the fact that she spoke English perfectly. Ron was evidently impressed by Camille altogether, because every time she spoke a red flush spread over his face.

Harry still had that haunting impression that he'd seen her somewhere before. Whenever her green eyes fixed on his face, and her smile flashed in his direction, he had a sense of déjà vu. He racked his brain during the feast, and later, stayed awake for a long time, trying to remember where he'd seen her. But it was no use. He had no idea why she looked so familiar.

Harry and Ron both really liked Camille, and would have been glad to make good friends with her, if not for one small problem: Hermione. Hermione and Camille did not get along. Actually, they hated each other. It all started the first day in Transfiguration. Professor McGonagall had paired Camille with Hermione, in case she needed extra help, as it was her first formal magic lesson.

"Hermione will help you if you need it," said Professor McGonagall soothingly to Camille. "I'd like you to start with turning a match into a needle. Hermione will demonstrate."

As soon as the teacher had walked away, Hermione turned a smug smile

on Camille. "Now, Camille," she said in a condescending teacher's voice, as if she were talking to a child, "watch carefully." And Hermione turned the match into a needle with her wand instantly. "Now don't be upset if you don't get it the first time. I'm here to help," she said in that same self-important voice.

Camille stared at her. Then, without speaking, she slowly closed her fingers over the match. When she opened them, the match was gone, and a needle was sitting in its place. She raised one eyebrow expectantly at Hermione. "Like that?"

Hermione was startled. "Wait, you were supposed to use your wand. How did you do that without your wand?"

Camille said coldly, "Sorry. I thought I was allowed to do it without my wand if I was able to."

Hermione scowled. Even she had to use her wand most of the time, just to help her concentrate. "Well, I suppose that was alright for your first try. Now try-"

"Shall I turn it into a caterpillar?" interrupted Camille. And as soon as she set the needle on the table, it turned into a green caterpillar that started to crawl off the edge of the desk.

Harry suppressed a laugh. It was obvious that Camille did not appreciate being spoken to like a child, and was showing off at Hermione. Hermione's scowl was becoming darker and darker by the minute. Camille turned away from her and proceeded to do in three seconds what the rest of the class had been struggling with the whole period: turning a stuffed dog into a live puppy. Hermione kept telling Camille what she was doing wrong, and Camille kept showing up Hermione's efforts at producing a dog. Camille's dog was lively and affectionate, and proceeded to jump into everyone's lap, licking their faces. The class was delighted. Hermione's puppy only slept on her desk.

Professor McGonagall came over to the two girls. "What a wonderful puppy, Camille! I was told you were talented, but goodness! You haven't even had any formal magic training and already you're doing animate transformations with ease. I'm very surprised, my dear," she exclaimed with a smile. Professor McGonagall rarely smiled, except at Hermione.

Hermione narrowed her eyes at Camille. When class was over, she flounced over to Harry and Ron and said, "What a show-off. Goodness."

"Oh come on," Harry said, exasperated. "She's only showing off because you kept talking to her like she was baby. You're just jealous. She's going to be top of the class soon." Hermione sneered at him and walked out of the room.

"She is awfully good," said Ron, with burning cheeks, "isn't she?"

Harry smiled at Ron, laughing slightly. Camille was very talented. The way she'd drawn a chair out of thin air at the feast—he doubted even seventh years would be able to do such a thing with the same ease Camille had shown. He supposed it was bit frightening. Imagine

what she could do with a little Dark magic, he thought to himself.

After that first class, Camille and Hermione didn't speak to each other. In classes, they were often partnered together, but always managed to get through the class without saying one word to each other, exchanging only cold looks and scowls.

To everyone else, though, Camille was perfectly friendly. She was well-liked, not just because she was pretty and talented, but because she was nice and sweet. When asked, she never hesitated to help people with their homework, and French lessons in the Gryffindor common room were the most popular class of the evening. Much to Ron's disappointment, he and Harry decided to stick with Hermione and not try to be good friends with Camille. They were nice to her, but they both felt their first loyalty was to Hermione. Ron still blushed furiously, however, whenever she walked by.

Harry certainly thought Camille was pretty, but he had no romantic interest in her. A Ravenclaw fifth year, Cho Chang had won his heart last year. This year, he'd actually managed to talk to her without blushing at every word, although his stomach still lurched every time she entered the room. Soon the two were spending a great deal of time together, just talking about anything or nothing.

Hermione did not like this at all. She wasn't jealous, she just felt like her two friends were slipping away from her. Ron really annoyed her by talking non-stop about Camille, and Harry was often off somewhere with Cho. Harry felt bad for Hermione sometimes, because there weren't any boys talking about her. But he didn't think that was why she was upset. He was pretty sure the reason was that Ron was completely in love with her arch nemesis.

Camille was wooed by every fourth year boy in the school, and most of the third and fifth year boys as well. She looked a bit bewildered by it all, but Harry couldn't imagine that someone as pretty as that hadn't been flirted with back in Monaco. There was always some boy pulling out her chair, or offering to carry her books. Ron could hardly ever bring himself to even talk to her, so she probably didn't even know he existed.

Harry always laughed quietly when he saw someone like Dean Thomas offer to carry her books between classes. Camille always looked the same when someone did this: embarrassed and puzzled. She always refused every offer. Harry wondered if this was because she didn't like any of the guys, or if she simply didn't know how to say yes. Either way, after a while she started to get rather annoyed with it all. But the offers never stopped.

One morning Harry was awakened early by Peeves blowing cold air on his ear. Annoyed, he jumped out of bed and threw a shoe at the poltergeist, which, of course, went right through him. Peeves ran away, laughing. Unable to get back to sleep, Harry wandered down to the common room in his dressing gown. Sitting in an armchair by the fire was another Gryffindor in a dressing gown, reading a book. He went over to the chair. "Hello, Camille," he said quietly.

She looked up, startled. "Oh, hello, Harry! What are you doing up?"

"Peeves woke me up," Harry said, laughing. "What about you?"

"Oh," she said hurriedly, "I couldn't sleep." She seemed to want to change the subject. "I thought I'd get some reading in. The common room's usually so noisy."

"What are you reading?" Harry asked.

"Pride and Prejudice," she replied. "It's a Muggle book. A wonderful romance set in the eighteenth century."

Harry wasn't so sure it was wonderful. It looked really long, and he could see a lot of words on the pages. "A girl's book, then?"

She smiled. "I suppose so," and went back to reading.

Harry pondered for a few moments, and then decided to say what he wanted to say. "Camille, can I ask you a question?"

She looked up. "Of course."

"Well," he started, "I get this really weird feeling that I've seen you or met you somewhere before. Do you think we've ever met?"

She looked astonished. "Really? That's odd, Harry, because when I first met you I thought you looked familiar, too. We must have met somewhere. Have you ever been to Monaco?" Harry shook his head. "America, then?"

Harry shook his head again. "I didn't know you had been to the US."

"I lived there until I was five. Why do you think my English is so good?"

Harry nodded. "Oh," he said. "Are your parents from the United States or from Monaco?"

"They're Americans," she answered. "They moved to Monaco becauseâ€"hmm, I don't know. I think my father had business interests there or something. That's why we moved here."

Harry looked puzzled. "But your last name, ThÃ©nard--isn't that a French name?"

Camille shrugged. "Well, my grandparents were French citizens who immigrated to America. I guess they just kept the name." She closed her book and set it on the table. "Well, I had never been to England before this summer, and I'm sure it wasn't this summer that I met you. So where could we have seen each other?" Harry thought her voice was so pretty. She did have a slight French accent, but it just made her words trill in the nicest way.

"I don't know," he replied. "Strange. Since we both got that feeling, at least neither of us is crazy. We must know each other from somewhere." They were silent for a few moments, pondering this. Then Harry decided to change the subject. "So, how are you liking Hogwarts so far?"

She smiled. "I love it! I've never met so many nice people in my

entire life." She paused and stared into the fire. "People didn't like me in Monaco, you know. They thought I was strange. They would never have voluntarily talked to me like everyone has done here."

Harry couldn't believe this, and said so. "Camille, I can't believe that nobody talked to you. I mean, I bet you had boys falling all over your feet back there, just like they do here!"

She turned her face away from the fire and stared at him. "No, why should boys have liked me? And why do they all seem to worship me here? It's getting rather on my nerves."

"Because you're so beautiful," Harry said incredulously. "Don't you know that?"

She folded her hands into her lap and looked down at them. "No, I'm not. Anyway, everyone was frightened by all the rumors about me. They generally stayed away."

Harry stared in amazement. How could anyone be that beautiful and not know it? "What rumors?"

Camille shrugged. "Well, it was really my older brother and sister that started them. I mean, they were true. Just that I was strange, and strange things happened around me, and people had been turned into frogs if I didn't like them. Well, the frog part wasn't true. I did turn someone into a mouse once, though. But that was when I was twelve and had my magic under control. I did it on purpose. I could really scare people if they got too close or teased me too much. So most of the time they stayed away." She sighed. "I guess I convinced myself that I liked it that way. But when I came here I realized what I'd been missing, having friends and all."

She was silent for a minute, so Harry asked, "You said your brother and sister started the rumors? That wasn't very nice of them."

Camille gave a short laugh. "No, it wasn't. They're not very nice people. I have a younger brother and sister, too, who so far don't seem to be growing up to be nice people either. And being the middle child, none of them seem to like me very much." She traced a pattern on the arm of the chair. "But, hey, why am I complaining? From what I've heard, you've had a much worse life."

Harry found himself telling her all about his life with the Dursleys, and about his parents and his aching desire that they were still alive. Camille was very easy to talk to. She sat perfectly still, gazing into his face with an expression on her own that he couldn't quite read. It mingled between compassion and puzzlement. It was as if, she, too, wanted to have a family where everyone loved her and treated her well. We're quite a bit alike, thought Harry to himself.

After talking for at least an hour, the sun started to peek through the window. Harry decided he'd better go get dressed, and Camille stood up to do the same. He turned and watched her walk up the stairs and thought he might die if he didn't figure out quickly where he'd met her before.

But he didn't have long to wait. The next day, Camille and some others were outside during the recess between classes. Harry was watching out of the window of the library, where he was trying to do homework, but was failing miserably. He watched as Camille put her arms out and spun in a circle, exhilarated just to be out in the warmth of the sun. She stopped after a moment, saw Harry, smiled, and waved.

Harry dropped his quill.

He'd seen that before, that spinning, that smile, that wave. And he knew exactly where.

He gathered up his books and sprinted for his dormitory. Once there, panting, he threw open his trunk and began rummaging through his things, finally retrieving a leather-bound album from the bottom. He opened it, flipped through the pages until he found the one he wanted, and stared at the picture of his mother on the page.

Like all pictures in the Magic world, this one moved. The girl in the black-and-white picture was spinning with her arms out. When she noticed Harry, she stopped, smiled, and waved, precisely as Camille had done. Harry shook his head, hardly believing it. He couldn't understand why he hadn't seen it before. Camille looked exactly like his mother, Lily. The only difference, he thought as he flipped through some of the color pictures of his parents, was the hair. Lily had had dark red hair, and Camille had brown. But the eye color, a deep emerald green, as well as the shape of all the features on the face, was the same. Harry knew immediately that he had found his sister, Anna.

The fact that Harry even had a sister was not widely known. She was his twin, and had disappeared the same night his parents had died. Most people assumed that she had died in the explosion that leveled his house, but her body had never been found. Some thought that was normal, though. She had only been a tiny one-year-old baby, and could have been blown to pieces when the house did, or sticken with a deadly death curse. Harry had hardly ever given her any thought. There was only one picture of her in his album, as a baby. He flipped to that picture.

Twin babies smiled up at him. The boy on the right he knew to be himself. Baby Harry smiled for a minute, then seemed to get bored and began to play with his toes. Baby Anna, however, kept staring at Harry's face, smiling. Then, she reached her hand up to Harry, as if she wished to touch him through the picture. He put one finger to her hand, but only felt the paper of the album.

Harry had always been sad about the fate of his sister, but he hadn't ever really thought about it. Nobody seemed to know much about her, and since she hadn't destroyed Voldemort's powers, as Harry had, he knew nobody would think she was famous. She was just a poor little baby killed by a dark wizard.

But now, Harry realized that his sister wasn't dead. Of course, he thought. Her body was never found, why on earth would she be dead? Obviously the baby had somehow escaped Voldemort's clutches and ended up in the ThÃ©nard family. But how?

He decided he would confront her about it tomorrow, since a History

of Magic test that afternoon was probably the first thing on her mind. That night, he couldn't sleep. Bored, he wandered down to the common room again. He was surprised to see Camille there again, reading a different book, but still huddled by the fire in her dressing gown.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Couldn't sleep," she shrugged. Harry was a little skeptical. This was the second night she hadn't been able to sleep. He wondered if she had insomnia or something.

"You know, if you can't sleep, Madame Pomfrey can probably help you with that. She has lots ofâ€œ"

"No!" she interrupted, looking horrified. "I mean, I'm fine." Harry wondered why she had been so startled.

Camille looked away from him, into her book. He sat down, thinking about how he was going to ask her about her family. He cleared his throat. "Um, Camille?"

"What, Harry?" she said, staring at him with those green eyes he'd seen so many times in the pictures of his mother.

Harry bit his lip. He was so full of emotion about finding the last remaining member of his family that the words could barely come out. He felt like he could cry and sing at the same time. "Camille, I was just wondering if you were adopted."

She gave him a strange look. "Of course not. Whyever would you want to know that?"

She wasn't adopted, he thought. But she had to be. He knew the girl sitting across from him was his biological sister, which meant her parents had to have adopted her. "Well, I think I know where we've met before. At least, I know why you look familiar."

"Why?" she asked, not taking her eyes off his face, still startled by his question.

"Hang on," he said, and ran up to his dormitory to fetch his photo album. When he came back down, he opened it to a black and white picture of his mother and showed it to her.

She stared for a minute, then said, "Harry, this is a picture of me."

He shook his head, and turned the page to a color picture of his mother. "Look," he said, pointing. "The one in this picture has red hair. But you can't tell in the black and white photos, can you? That's because you look exactly the same."

Camille gazed at the picture, but didn't say anything for a long time. When she spoke, it was very quietly. "Harry, what do you think this means? That I'm a relative of yours or something?"

"Yes," he said, just as quietly. "I think you're my sister, Anna."

She looked up and laughed. "Harry, that's impossible, because I'm really not adopted! Anyway, everyone says your sister is dead."

He shook his head. "No, her body was never found. Most people just assume she died in that explosion, but what if she didn't?" He flipped through some more pictures of his mother. "Look at these Camille, don't you see the resemblance? I mean, what else could it mean?" he said, exasperated with her silence.

She was biting her lip. "Harry, I can't be adopted. I know I have a birth certificate for a Camille Th  nard, so I must have been born with that name."

"Have you ever actually seen your birth certificate?"

She looked into the fire. "Well, no," she said slowly. "But I know exactly where it is. I could show you right now, if you really want to see it."

Harry was puzzled. "How?" he asked.

"We'll just Apparate back to my house and I'll show you my papers and things. They're in my dad's study."

Harry didn't know how to Apparate, and told her so.

"Well, I can, and you can just hold my hand, and I'll take you back with me. Come on, we'll have to go out onto the grounds because you can't do it inside Hogwarts walls."

She grabbed his hand and pulled him through the portrait hole, down the corridors into the Entrance Hall and out onto the grounds. Then, she stopped, made sure she was holding him tightly, and snapped her fingers.

Harry couldn't believe it. As fast as he could blink his eyes, Hogwarts had disappeared, and they were in a small, dark room with lots of bookcases and filing cabinets. Camille switched on a desk lamp, and the room was flooded with light.

"Now, I'm not sure exactly where my file is, but I'll unlock all the filing cabinets"  she snapped her fingers, and all the drawers opened up  "and you look through the ones on the left, and I'll take the right. But be quiet so you don't wake up my parents." She started rummaging through a drawer.

"What am I looking for?" asked Harry.

"A file with my name on it. I've seen it before, I just don't know what drawer it's in."

Harry started looking at the files. A lot of them were in French, and the English ones said things like "mortgage" and "2000 taxes," and "Contel Cellular," but he couldn't find any that said "Camille." He had just about finished all his drawers, and turned to tell Camille, but was surprised to see her sitting in her father's desk chair, clutching a few pieces of paper. Remnants of a file titled "Camille E. Th  nard" lay scattered on the floor. She had a strange look on her face, somewhere between disbelief and betrayal. He moved behind her so he could read over her shoulder.

"Adoption papers for Camille Elizabeth Th  nard," a large black title read at the top.

Camille's hands were shaking so much he couldn't read anymore. "I don't believe it," she said in a quavering voice. "How could they not have told me?" She flipped the page over and read out loud to Harry, or perhaps to herself, "Jane Doe, hereafter known as Camille Elizabeth, was found on the doorstep of the Th  nard residence at 12 Helena Lane on Saturday, November 1. They brought her into Child Services the next day, but expressed a desire to eventually adopt her. After an extensive search for her birth parents, the Th  nards were allowed to carry out their desire."

"November 1," exclaimed Harry, "that's the day after my parents were killed!" He moved around the chair so that he was facing her. "Don't you see Camille? It all fits! Somehow, you escaped Voldemort and ended up on their doorstep the next morning! You must be my sister, that's the only explanation!"

Camille didn't answer. She looked as if she were about to cry. Harry thought it would be an awful shock to find out your parents had lied to you your whole life, and stopped talking for a minute. Eventually, she said, in a strong voice, "We'd better go back." She snapped her fingers, and the papers scattered around the room returned to their rightful places, and drawers closed and locked themselves. "Give me your hand," she commanded, and Harry did so. In a flash they were back on the grounds. The sun was just beginning to rise over the treetops, but it didn't look as if the castle inhabitants had awakened yet. Camille walked back briskly toward the entrance. Harry had to trot to keep up with her. She still looked as if she was trying to keep the tears back. "Well," he said cautiously, "at least you have me. Your brother, you know."

She stopped dead in her tracks. "Stay away from me, Harry," she said in a cold voice. "Don't talk about this to me ever again."

Harry couldn't believe his ears. "What?!" he exclaimed. "How can you say that; you're my sister! Don't you think it's great?"

She glared at him for a second, then turned away. He grabbed her arm, to try to make her reason, but she turned around and BAM! punched him straight in the eye. Harry fell over in surprise and pain, and Camille ran off toward the castle alone.

Harry had to go to Madame Pomfrey the next day, because his eye swelled up twice its normal size, and he couldn't see a thing. Everyone kept asking him who he'd gotten into a fight with, but he didn't say anything about Camille to anyone, not even Ron, Hermione, or Cho. They were all rather annoyed that he wouldn't tell them.

"If it was Malfoy, just tell us," said Ron exasperatedly that afternoon. "It's not really that big of a deal."

But Harry didn't say anything. He was so angry at Camille, he couldn't even say her name. He knew he would just explode if he let anything escape. It was so unfair, he thought, that she'd always had a great family that loved her and cared for her, but when I try to reclaim what's left of mine, she thinks it's my fault her parents

never told her she was adopted.

Camille had become quieter and more withdrawn. She didn't spend a lot of time in the common room anymore, mostly she just stayed in her bedroom. She hardly ever smiled anymore, and looked frightened and nervous, and always on the point of tears. No one seemed to connect this change in her with Harry's black eye, which was lucky, because she probably didn't want to talk about it either.

Angry as he was, Harry couldn't help looking at her during classes. She was, after all, his sister, and she really resembled his mother, so it was hard not to look. Harry did notice that, in addition to her becoming quieter, she'd developed dark circles underneath her eyes, and always seemed to be nodding off at odd moments. It looked like she hadn't been sleeping at all, but Harry had no idea why. Once, on a whim, he crept down to the common room in his Invisibility cloak, after everyone else had fallen asleep, and sure enough, there she was, reading by the fire. She looks so tired, thought Harry. Why doesn't she just try to go to sleep?

Harry was both excited and disappointed at having a sister, finally. First of all, Anna was the only member of his family left, and that fact made his heart ache every time he thought of her. With his parents dead and Sirius Black, his godfather, in hiding, having a sister seemed like a glimmer of hope in what seemed to him to be a very dark world. However, she ignored him, which reminded Harry a lot of the Dursleys. They had always pretended he wasn't family, and that's what she was doing. Although, inwardly, he knew he loved her, he was having a very hard time keeping his nasty feelings towards her under control. At times, when she passed him in the hallway, nose in the air, he wanted to hit her. Other times he felt like crying. It was the ultimate betrayal. But most of all, he just wanted her to accept him as a brother, so that he could finally have a member of the family that loved him.

One Saturday morning, Camille, or Anna, as Harry had come to think of her, didn't show up for breakfast. Harry asked Hermione where she had gone. Hermione gave him a snooty look and said, "Why on earth should I know where she is? I don't even pay attention to the little brat."

"Because you share a room with her," interrupted Ron. "And she's not a brat just because she's better at lessons than you."

Hermione gave Ron a snide look. "Well, just for your information, Camille was not in her bed when I woke up this morning. She's probably in the library or something--who cares? We're all going to Hogsmeade today anyway, which is good. I want to check out the new bookstore."

Harry didn't purposely look for Anna, but he kept an eye out in Hogsmeade that day. He didn't see her at all, although he knew she had permission to go. However, when Harry, Ron, and Hermione came back to the Great Hall for dinner that night, she was already sitting at the Gryffindor table, looking thoughtful. For the first time in several weeks, since she'd found out who she really was, she didn't look sad.

"Where have you been?" Harry asked carefully, expecting a rude answer.

But she turned, surprised that he was even speaking to her, and smiled. "Nowhere," she answered, laughing a little. Harry, who wasn't pleased with the answer he had gotten, and still fuming over his black eye, didn't speak to her for the rest of the night. That was alright, however, because Seamus Finnigan talked to her animatedly about the Shrieking Shack throughout the entire meal.

A week later, Harry was awakened very early in the morning, or perhaps very late at night, by a hand gently shaking his shoulder. "Get off, Ron," he muttered, turning away.

But the voice that spoke wasn't Ron's. "Harry," whispered a quiet voice with a French accent, "please get up."

Harry turned over in surprise. Anna was standing above him, looking excited, smiling his mother's pretty smile. Intrigued, he got up, put on his dressing gown, and followed her out of his dormitory down to the common room. There, she sat down in one of the armchairs by the fire, and he followed her lead.

"Harry," she said, no longer whispering, "will you come on a, well, a sort of field trip with me?"

"Oh, are you being nice to me now?" he said, annoyed. "What field trip? Where?"

Anna bit her lip. "Well, I can't tell you, in case someone's listening. But I'll tell you once we're beyond Hogwarts. And I promise that, if after I tell you, you don't want to come at all, then I'll Apparate us both back here without asking twice."

Harry wasn't about to leave the grounds, a serious, rule-breaking, point-losing offense, without a little more explanation, and said this to her very clearly.

She stared at him. "Harry, if you don't agree to come with me, I'll go by myself. But you might be useful to have along. You're a pretty powerful wizard, you know, and you've defeated Voldemort three times already-" She interrupted herself and looked as if she'd said too much.

Harry narrowed his eyes. "What do you mean, Voldemort? Are we going to look for him? That seems awfully stupid to me!" Even if he had defeated the Dark wizard that many times, he wasn't about to go looking for trouble.

She shook her head. "No, to be honest, I don't know what we're going to find where we're going. But I really think that you'd want to come along if you knew."

He thought for a few minutes. "You promise we can come home if I don't want to go after you tell me?" She nodded emphatically. "Okay, when do we leave?" He looked out the window. It was pitch black outside, and he thought it had to be close to four in the morning.

"Right now," Anna said. "Can you get a bag with a change of clothing in it? And make sure to bring warm clothes."

"A change of clothing?!" Harry exclaimed. "How long are we going to be gone?"

"Well," she replied. "not more than four days, and hopefully no more than two. I think we'll be alright to come back in two days."

"Two days!" Harry nearly shouted. "Do you realize how much trouble we'll be in? And how many points we'll lose for Gryffindor?"

Anna sighed. "I know, I know. You don't have to come, like I said. But I really need to do this, and I promise you that what we are doing is really noble. If it works out, we might not lose that many points anyway."

By this point Harry was too intrigued to say no, and he hurried quietly up to his bedroom to get a small bag. He jammed a change of Muggle clothes and a toothbrush into it, and as an afterthought, his Invisibility Cloak. Then, taking a scrap of paper and his quill, he scribbled a note to Ron:

Dear Ron, I'll be back in a few days. Harry

He knew everyone at Hogwarts would go crazy when they found out that he and Anna had gone off somewhere, but he tried not to think about it as he ran down the steps to the common room. Anna was waiting for him, clutching bag of her own. "I brought Muggle clothes," he said. "And my Invisibility Cloak."

She looked pleased. "You have an Invisibility Cloak? Great! It'll come in handy later. I brought some food, and Muggle money. Have you got any wizard money?" Harry nodded. "Then I think we're all set. Let's go!" she finished as she headed out of the portrait hole. Harry followed her silently down to the grounds. There she took his hand, and, in a flash, they were at a train station..

"Where are we?" he asked.

"At King's Cross Station, of course," she answered. "I had to go to a train station I could visualize, and this is the only one I've ever been to in England."

"Oh," he said, looking around, suddenly recognizing the place. "Why did we have to go someplace you could visualize?"

Anna was reading a map of England showing all the train routes. "Because I'm not very good at Apparition yet, so I can only go to places I can visualize. Ah!" she exclaimed, pointing to a town on the map called Horrough. "That's where we've got to go. We'll have to take a train of course, because, having never been there, I can't Apparate us there."

Harry was about to ask her what was so important about this town, but she was already at the ticket box, saying "two tickets to Horrough, please!" Harry was surprised the man in the window sold them to her. They were awfully young to be alone in a train station, buying their own tickets, but Anna was so pretty he supposed she could get what she wanted most of the time.

The train left at 6:15 a.m., so the twins sat on a bench and waited. None of the stores or caf  s were open yet, so Anna took out a couple

of ham sandwiches for them to munch on. Harry was bursting to know where they were going and why, but he supposed they had better wait until they were alone in a train compartment. Even at four-thirty in the morning, the station was bustling.

So they chatted about other things. "When did you decide you didn't hate me?" Harry asked his sister. She blushed. "I don't know, Harry. I mean, it was such an awful shock that day. All these years, I trusted my parents to tell me the truth about things, but all they ever told me was lies. I even remember asking them about the hospital I was born in, and they told me some ridiculous lie about it being the same hospital my brothers and sisters were born in." She took a bite of her sandwich and sighed. "I'm sure they had a good reason at the time, but all the same, I feel so betrayed, like I can never trust them again." She smiled at Harry. "Then I started thinking about all the wonderful things people had told me about you and your parents. I remember overhearing Professor McGonagall telling you about how your mother used to try to keep you father and his friends out of trouble, and I thought, that's my mother she's talking about. I am connected with these people everyone thinks are so wonderful. And I started wanting to know more about them, and you. I really feel now that you are my family. I've been thinking about it non-stop ever since I found out that day. Speaking of which, I was in quite a bit of shock. I'm so sorry I punched you."

He laughed. "That's okay. I kind of understood what you were going through. I mean, not exactly, but I know how it feels to find out that everything you've ever known about your parents was a lie." He watched as the clock ticked toward 6:15. "I wonder why our parents called us Harry and Anna. It seems to make more sense to be 'Harry and Hannah' or 'Adam and Anna' or something like that."

She answered quickly, "You're named after Dad's great-uncle, and I'm named after Mum's mother."

Harry looked at her in surprise. "How did you know that? How can you know anything about my family? Don't tell me you read that in Great Wizarding Events of the Twentieth Century." Anna smiled cryptically and didn't answer.

Finally the station master announced that their train was departing, and they boarded it. They quickly found a compartment, because they didn't want to attract too much attention on account of their youth. The train began to move as they settled down, hoping no one else would try to sit in their compartment, too. But the train wasn't very busy, and, after a few minutes, it was evident that they would be spending the trip alone. Harry turned an eager face on Anna, anxious to finally receive the explanation of the trip they were taking. "So?" he asked.

Anna, with a wide smile on her face, leaned towards Harry as she began to speak.

"Do you remember the day that you asked me at dinner where I had been? And I said 'nowhere,' and you got rather annoyed?"

Harry laughed. "Well, I was just annoyed at you in general then. But yes, I remember that day. Where did you go?"

"To Godric's Hollow," Anna replied. Harry gave her a quizzical look.

"You don't know what Godric's Hollow is?" He shook his head.
"Goodness, Harry, don't you ever read histories of yourself? Like in The Rise and Fall of the Dark Arts."

"No," he said. "It's too weird to read about myself in books. I can't handle it."

She laughed. "Well, anyway, Godric's Hollow is where our parents lived before they were killed. That's where our house was."

"Oh," said Harry. "So? What did you think you would find there?"

Anna reached into her pack and pulled out a large leather volume. It looked rather old and battered, as if it had been through the laundry one too many times. "Did you know that, even though the house was destroyed, the land still belongs to you? According to a neighbor I met, Mum and Dad's old solicitor still pays the property taxes on it, so the title is still in your name and hasn't been confiscated or whatever the Muggle government does. I guess the solicitor pays the taxes straight out of our vault at Gringotts, I think that's what it said in Mum and Dad's will."

He smiled. "Neat! I own property. So what does that have to do with anything? And what is that book?"

She looked at him with shining eyes. "There was a shed still standing on the property, you know. And the neighbor, her name was Mrs. Peele, said that none of the neighborhood kids had been able to ever get it open. You know, kids do sometimes try to break into mysterious places and all, but this shed was locked with magic, of course. I'm sure our parents wouldn't have had it any other way." She paused a minute to take out a couple of Chocolate Frogs, tossing one to Harry. "Anyway, of course, it was easy enough for me to get in. The lock said on the back 'I shall open only to those who are faithful to my owners.' Obviously, I was faithful to the Potters, so the lock opened in my hand."

Harry was so intrigued he had forgotten about his Chocolate Frog.
"What was in it?"

She smiled between bites of chocolate. "Oh, so many wonderful things, you know. Their old schoolbooks, our baby clothes, their last will and testament, which, of course, left everything to us, um, what else? Love letters from Dad that Mum had kept her whole life. And, of course, this," she finished, pointing to the book on her lap. "It's Mum's diary. She started it when she was eight years old, and wrote in it every day, up until the day she died."

She thumbed lovingly through the pages. "I read every word. It's marvelous, Harry. She was so wonderful. And she loved us so much, she and Dad both. I cried twenty-seven times."

Harry reached over and took his mother's diary from her grasp, and opened it up to a page. Neat, pretty handwriting filled the paper. "July 31," it read. "The most extraordinary letter arrived in the mail today. All those strange things I told you about, diary, were magic! I can do magic. Real, live magic. I'm a witch, diary! And you see, there's a whole world of people who do magic, let me explain-" and the entry went on to describe the Magic world, everything that

Hagrid had explained to Harry when they first met. Harry couldn't help smiling, thinking of his mother as a little girl, learning about witches and wizards for the first time. He looked up at Anna, who was smiling, too.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she said. "Imagine, Harry, that's our mother who wrote those words when she was younger than we were. I don't know, but just thinking about her sitting there, writing those words, is a better memory than all the points I ever won for Gryffindor." Harry heard a catch in her voice, and saw tears in her eyes.

Harry did think it was the best book he'd ever seen, and planned to read through it soon enough. But first, he wanted to know what it had to do with Horrough or wherever they were going. "I know, Anna, it's great. But, what does it have to do with anything?"

She ignored him, but came over to his side of the compartment to look at the diary, too. She flipped to a page and read out loud. Harry thought his mother must have sounded a lot like Anna, with her sweet, soft voice that melodiously trilled over the words. "I know that someday my beloved twins will be reading this diary, perhaps after I am long gone, and I wish to write something for them that is more than just words. One of my favorite times of day is the evening when I put the babies to bed. I love to sing to them, and I adore the way they watch me as I bustle about the room, putting things away, or bend over their cribs. I'm sure they won't remember me singing, so I have recorded my voice in this diary for them to remember me by." Harry didn't understand.

Anna turned the page. Suddenly, a beautiful voice began to sing from the pages of the diary:

Oh believe me if all those endearing young charms
Which I gaze on so fondly today
Were to change by tomorrow and flee from my arms
Like faery gifts fading away.
Though wouldst still be adored
As this moment thou art
Let thy loveliness fade as it will
And around thy dear ruin
each wish of my heart
Will entwine itself verdantly still.

A memory flickered into Harry's head, of a woman standing over him, singing this song. He closed his eyes, hoping to keep the reminiscence as long as he could, but it faded quickly. He opened his eyes and looked at Anna, but neither of them needed to say a word to speak what was in their hearts.

A while later, Harry had regained his composure, and was still very curious as to what this whole trip was all about. He took the diary from Anna's hands and said, "Anna, what does this have to do with where we're going? Come on, it's time to 'fess up and tell me what's going on."

She smiled. "Okay," she said. "But let me just show you one more entry." She flipped through the pages, finally settling on a spot many pages previous to the page with the song on it. Harry leaned over her shoulder to read the writing:

"Today was a lovely day for hiking. James and I started out early in the morning, and stopped for lunch by a charming little spring. We bewitched the water to make sure it was drinkable, and then had a very pleasant few hours watching the forest. Later, a very strange

thing happened. I must admit I don't know what to make of it. We came across a large castle set in the middle of the woods, far from any path. It seemed to be a Magic castle as opposed to a Muggle castle. As you know, diary, Magic buildings invisible to Muggles have a particular shimmery quality, and this castle definitely had that. This castle in itself was not strange; in fact, James and I considered knocking on the door and introducing ourselves as a fellow witch and wizard. As we were considering this, I happened to look up into one of the windows and saw none other than Peter Pettigrew. I'm sure it was him, but of course it can't be. He left after the wedding to go to a Warlock convention in Albania. So of course, it couldn't have been him in the window. And yet, all the same, the resemblance was striking. James did not see the man, because the face disappeared from the window very quickly, and James does not believe me at all, which is rather annoying. I don't believe the face saw either of us, as we were probably hidden by trees at the time. Anyway, we decided not to go into the castle. Both of us had a strong sense of foreboding in the place, and we decided to press on. I have thought about it all day, and I've decided it couldn't have been Peter I saw in the window. I can't explain what I saw, though. It certainly was strange."

Anna stopped reading and looked at Harry. Harry didn't understand what she meant by reading this passage, and gave her a very quizzical look. She said, "Okay, let me explain this. This was Mom and Dad's honeymoon. They went hiking and camping in the forests of northern England for a month, and this was an entry from one of the days."

"They went camping for their honeymoon?" Harry asked. "Why didn't they do something more interesting, like the Bahamas or a cruise?"

She smiled. "I think it's terribly romantic. Anyway, don't you see what she was describing, Harry? About a two years or so before they were killed, Peter Pettigrew in someplace suspicious, oh come on!" Harry must have still been looking very confused, because Anna was starting to get exasperated. "This was Voldemort's castle, Harry. Mum found it and wrote its location down in this diary. She didn't know she was looking at Voldemort's home at the time, because she didn't know Peter had aligned himself with him."

"Oh!" exclaimed Harry, suddenly realizing the gravity of this entry. "Of course! You know, nobody knows where Voldemort's castle is. I remember Hagrid saying something about no one ever being able to figure out where he lived, or they would have just arrested him."

Anna nodded. "I know," she agreed. "No one knew...except for Mum. And she didn't even know herself. I only realized yesterday how important this page was. The next day in the diary, Mum describes a town close to the castle. She was describing the whole area around it. I bet we could find the castle because of the way she described it."

Harry's eyes widened. "Anna, are we going to find Voldemort? Because that would be just plain dumb and stupid!" He didn't think there was any need to go looking for evil wizards.

But she shook her head. "No," she said. "Listen. I've been thinking about something ever since you told me I was your sister." She moved

back to the other side of the compartment, took out another sandwich, and offered half to Harry. "I was just wondering about our parents and Voldemort. I was wondering why Voldemort killed them. After all, don't you think it would have been to his advantage to keep them alive and turn them over to the Dark side?"

Harry raised one eyebrow. "But Mum and Dad never would have turned. That's why they were killed, see?"

She shook her head. "But Voldemort might have been able to make them turn, using torture or magic or something. But what he needed was time. Dumbledore was working against him, and so were our parents, so it wouldn't have been long before he was caught or something. If he had been able to make our parents turn that night, or perhaps capture them, he would have the time he needed, and Mum and Dad would have been out of the picture."

Harry didn't see what she was getting at. "Okay, that makes sense. But it doesn't matter because they were killed."

The smile disappeared. "Right," she said thoughtfully. "But, Harry, the other day I was looking through a Restricted book I got out of the library for Potions class--"

"You got permission for a Restricted book from Snape?" Harry asked incredulously. "Why would Snape give a Gryffindor permission to get something like that?"

She laughed. "I think Snape likes me. He doesn't treat me like the rest of the Gryffindors, haven't you noticed that?"

Harry thought about it, and realized that Snape did seem to like Anna. He never yelled at her or took away points, and he did seem to be rather softened whenever she was around. "You're right," he said. "I wonder why that is."

"I know," she answered. Harry looked at her, expectantly. "But I'll tell you in a minute. First of all, let me finish what I was telling you. Anyway, I was looking through this restricted book, and it talked about a spell you can put on people, called the Exactum Mortus spell. It's really complicated; I couldn't understand it at all. But the general gist of it was that you can make a copy of a person, a dead copy. The copy looks exactly like the real person, but since it doesn't have any sort of soul or thinking process, it's dead. No Muggles forensics expert could tell the difference between the two bodies, except, obviously, that one would be dead. Warlocks would be able to tell the difference, but only if they thought to look for it."

Harry must have looked as confused as he felt, because Anna sighed and started over. "Okay, I was just thinking, if Voldemort performed this spell on Mum and Dad, then there would be dead copies of them on the ground in our house for people to find, but the real parents would be somewhere else, imprisoned somewhere. And even though someone like Dumbledore might be able to tell that the dead people weren't really our parents, he wouldn't even think to check. He would just assume that they were the real Potters. Understand?"

Harry thought about this for a few minutes. Is she saying our parents are alive? he asked himself. He didn't realize he'd said this out

loud until Anna said "Yes, Harry, that's what I'm saying. Mum and Dad very well might be alive."

He stared into her eyes. "Let me get this straight. Since it would be to Voldemort's advantage to keep Mum and Dad alive, he made copies of them that looked dead, and then imprisoned the real Potters somewhere, hoping to turn them over to his side. So, somewhere, our parents have been imprisoned for thirteen years."

She nodded. "He never got a chance to try to get them to turn, because you defeated him first."

"And what about you, Anna? What's your theory on what happened to you?"

She cocked her head to one side. "Well, I think Mum thought we were all going to be killed, so she figured she'd try to save us two, at least. She tried to Apparate us, one at a time, to some other place, maybe to Sirius Black's house. But she was in such a hurry that she messed up the spell and sent me to a stranger in America. And before she could try it on you, Voldemort had already gotten her."

Harry thought this all made sense. "Okay, so our parents might be alive. Cool!" He was starting to get really excited about what she was proposing. However, there was still a nagging thought at the back of his mind. "But, Anna, I don't really think we should be getting our hopes up about them. I mean, your explanation works, but it's also possible that they might be dead."

She nodded. "I know. But it's better than nothing, or just accepting the fact that they're dead. If this doesn't work out, well, then, I guess we'll know for sure."

A thought suddenly occurred to Harry. "Wait, a minute, Anna. How on earth are we supposed to figure out where they might be imprisoned? I mean, it could be anywhere."

To his surprise, she smiled. "Well, how about at Voldemort's castle? I mean, he had to live somewhere."

Harry looked at Anna excitedly. "Genius! You're pure genius! Of course, this is a rescue operation! We're going to rescue our parents!" he exclaimed, jumping out of his seat.

She looked up at him, still smiling. "Yes," she answered, nodding. "I can only hope that they're there."

The two twins looked at each other, grinning from ear to ear. They knew the chance of even finding their parents alive was very slim, and freeing them would be almost impossible. And yet, neither was daunted by the task. They were thrilled by the glimmer of hope that was now shining into their lives.

Meanwhile, back at Hogwarts, Ron had showed up for Transfiguration looking very grim. "I have to talk to you," he said to Hermione, as they waited for the professor.

"Sure," she answered. "Where's Harry?"

"That's just it," Ron said, looking worried. He showed her the note.

"Where would he have gone? And not told us?"

Hermione was equally worried. "Do you think the note could be a fake? He's been kidnapped or something? It sure looks like his handwriting."

Ron shrugged, and was about to speak when Professor McGonagall came into the classroom and told them to sit down. She was about to begin the lesson when, suddenly, she said "Where are Harry and Camille?"

Ron's eyes widened. He hadn't noticed Camille was gone, too. He and Hermione gave each other puzzled looks.

"Weasley? Granger?" asked Professor McGonagall. "Where have they gone? Come now, you're Harry's best friends. You must know something." She had a very stern expression on her face.

The two students were silent for a moment, then Ron said. "We have no idea, Professor. But, um, Harry did leave a note. He was gone when I woke up this morning." He showed Professor McGonagall the note.

Parvati Patil piped in with, "Camille wasn't in her bed this morning, either. But I didn't see a note."

Professor McGonagall was looking very troubled. "Does anyone have any idea where these two might have gone?" No one spoke. "Stay here, I'm going to get Professor Dumbledore."

The headmaster was equally puzzled. He called Ron and Hermione into an empty classroom. His first question voiced what had been on everyone's mind. "Is this some sort of romantic getaway for the two of them?"

Hermione stuck her nose in the air. "I don't know why anyone would want to date her."

Ron shushed her. "No, Professor, I don't think so. Harry, well, Harry's not the type. He's dating Cho Chang, you know, and I can't imagine he would go off with another girl. But the weird thing is, sir, that I didn't even know the two were friends. I mean, Harry was always nice to Camille, but he never went out of his way to talk to her or anything. And same with her."

Hermione nodded in agreement. "It's just so odd that these two would run off together."

Dumbledore rubbed his chin in perplexity. "So, then, I take it, that you two think there's some sort of foul play going on here."

They nodded.

Dumbledore sighed. "I understand your feeling, but I'm not prepared to go that far yet. There may be something between Harry and Camille that nobody knows about. They may have really run away for some purpose. After all, Harry's note clearly states that he will be back, which indicates the two had some sort of job they needed to do before they returned. I don't think we need to worry unnecessarily at this point."

The two students nodded in agreement, still looking worried. Dumbledore continued, "Obviously Harry did not confide in you about whatever is going on between him and Camille. Who do you think Camille might have confided in?"

Ron and Hermione thought for a minute. Then Ron answered, "Well, sir, to be honest, I can't really think of anyone. I mean, people like her, and she's nice to everyone, but I can't think of anyone she is always hanging about with or gossiping to."

Hermione nodded. "Yeah, even though boys are always carrying her books and things, she never pursues anything. I think she pretty much keeps to herself when she can. Especially lately."

"Lately?" asked Dumbledore.

"Yeah, for about a month now she's been really quiet, and not spent much time in the common room. And she looks tired all the time. She can barely stay awake in classes," Hermione said.

Ron was surprised. "Hermione! I thought you hated Camille. I thought you always ignored her."

Hermione shrugged. "Yeah, but I sit next to her in most classes, and share a room with her, so I can't help but notice stuff like that."

Dumbledore looked concerned. "Can anyone think of a specific time when this began? And what it might have to do with Harry? Could Harry have said something to her that prompted this change in behavior?"

Neither student could. After a long silence, Dumbledore sighed and said, "Alright, you can go back to classes now. I'm going to have to contact Camille's parents. I think I'll also try to get in touch with Sirius Black. Maybe Harry would have gone to him, or confided in him, or something."

Ron and Hermione left the room, and Dumbledore set out to send owls to Camille's parents, and to Sirius. He knew where Sirius was hiding, and although he was one of the few who did know, he thought that Harry might have found out as well, and gone to his godfather for some reason. For one of the first times in his life, Albus Dumbledore had absolutely no idea what was going on.

Harry and Anna had gotten off the train at Horrough and were now enjoying an ice cream from a nearby parlor. "Anna," said Harry through bites of a delicious caramel fudge sundae, "you never explained why Professor Snape likes you."

She laughed. "Oh," she said. "Severus Snape was in love with Mum. That's one of the reasons he hated Dad so much. It's all in Mum's diary, about how he bought her flowers and asked her to dances and stuff. I feel kind of bad for him, actually. I think Mum was probably nice to him, but she fell for Dad instead."

Harry was revolted by the idea that Severus Snape might have been his father. "So, do you think he knows who you are then? You look like Mum, so that's why he's so nice?"

Anna shook her head. "I don't think he realizes it, no. I think I must remind him of Mum, and that's why he's softened around me. But it's subconscious."

This amused them for quite a bit while they finished their sundaes. It was noon by this time, and the March sun, though bright, brought little warmth to the northern climate. The ice cream wasn't helping, of course. But they were adequately dressed, so when they bundled up to go back out into the cold, only their bare noses felt the chill in the air.

"Mum's diary says they traveled about six miles south from the castle when they got to this town, so we'll have to travel six miles north," said Anna as she put her pack on her back. "I just hope they were six straight miles, or we'll be traveling forever. We're probably going to have to spend a night in the forest, you know."

Harry nodded. He was prepared for anything that might help them find their parents.

Professor Dumbledore had decided to use a Muggle telephone to read Camille's parents. He suggested that the ThÃ©nards come up to Hogwarts, where they could all sit down with Harry's relatives and discuss possible solutions to the problem of the students running away. Her parents agreed, and Dumbledore had Apparated them as quickly as possible to the grounds.

Sirius Black had been a bit harder, of course. He had to be snuck in, because if Snape or any of the teachers had seen him, they would have called for the Ministry of Magic to come arrest him. But Black solved the problem by becoming a dog again, and walking in beside Camille's parents as he belonged to them. Since no one in the school at that time except Dumbledore knew that Black was an Animagus, the plan worked perfectly.

Once they were all safe inside Dumbledore's office, the headmaster told them what he knew. It wasn't much. "They left sometime last night after midnight. When Ron went to bed Harry did as well. Harry didn't give any indication that anything was going to happen. The only clue we have at all is the note Harry left suggesting the children will be back in a few days."

"What about the girl?" Black asked. "Did she say anything to any of the girls?"

Dumbledore pursed his lips. "From what I understand, Camille is a pretty quiet girl who kept to herself. She is well-liked, of course, but none of her fellow students seem to think she has any best friend she might confide in. Do you have any ideas, Mr. and Mrs. ThÃ©nard?"

They shook their heads. Mrs. ThÃ©nard replied, "Camille wrote to us quite a bit, but she never mentioned anyone in particular. I brought all her letters with us to look at, but I don't think they'll be much help. She certainly never mentioned this Harry."

"Who does she mention?" asked Dumbledore.

Her mother rifled through the letters. "Let's see, she talks about a

girl named Hermione who doesn't like her, and a few boys named Seamus and Dean, a couple of times about someone named Parvati, and a few funny stories about boys named Fred and George. That's basically it. Mostly she just tells us what she did that week in her classes."

Dumbledore nodded. "Harry's friends Ron and Hermione were mentioning that Camille seems to have become a lot more withdrawn lately, starting about a month ago. Did anything happen at home about that time? Or did you get any idea from her letters that she was changing."

They thought for a few minutes. "I can't really think of anything," her father replied. "I suppose her letters got a little shorter; you can tell this just by looking at them now. But I would have thought that would mean she was adjusting more, not less."

Mrs. Th  nard then burst into tears. "I really thought she was happy. She's never been happy before, because her brothers and sisters were so mean to her. We tried so hard to treat like she was our daughter, just like the rest of them. But she was so different. I thought, now that she had come here--"

But something the woman had said made Dumbledore look at her sharply. "Wait--you tried to treat her like she was your daughter? You mean she isn't your child?"

Mr. Th  nard shook his head. "No, she's adopted. We found her on our doorstep when she was a year old and were so enchanted with her that we ended up adopting her." Dumbledore had gone rather pale. "Why?" Mr. Th  nard asked defensively. "Why should it matter that she is adopted?"

Dumbledore shook his head. "No, of course it doesn't matter, I just thought of something." He stood up and walked over to the wall, which was covered with photographs of former students, all waving and smiling at the headmaster. He selected one black-and-white picture and showed to both the Th  nards as to Black. "Who is this?" he asked.

"Camille," said her parents.

"Lily," said Black at the same moment. He looked at the Th  nards, confused. "This is Camille?"

"Who's Lily?" asked Mrs. Th  nard. All three turned to Dumbledore with quizzical looks.

He smiled. "I'm afraid Sirius is right, Mrs. Th  nard. This is not Camille, it's a woman named Lily Potter." He took the photograph back and looked at it sadly. "I can't believe I didn't see it before."

"Wait," said Black. "Are you saying this Camille is really Anna?"

"Who's Anna?" asked Mr. Th  nard.

Dumbledore nodded. "Allow me to explain--"

"But that's impossible!" interrupted Sirius. "Anna is dead! Just like Lily and James."

"But Sirius, you know perfectly well that Anna's body was never found. We only assumed she was dead."

"WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!" yelled Mr. ThÃ©nard, jumping out of his seat.

Dumbledore looked at Mr. ThÃ©nard with a strange expression on his face. "I apologize, Mr. ThÃ©nard. Please, sit down while I explain this." He sat. "The woman in this photograph was a student at this school some fifteen or twenty years ago. Her name was Lily Churchill. She married" --he went to his photograph wall and found a picture of James and Lily together-- "this man, James Potter, another one of our students. James and Lily had two children, twins. Harry and Anna."

"The same Harry that's now run away with my daughter?" asked Mrs. ThÃ©nard.

"Yes," replied Dumbledore. He then explained about Voldemort and the Potters' deaths. "Anna's body was never found in the wreckage. We found a few fragments of a baby dress that she had apparently been wearing, but no body. Most people, including myself, assumed that she was dead. The death curse that killed her parents was more than enough to make a baby disintegrate. Harry survived because, well, we don't know how he survived. Something beyond our scope of understanding."

"So," said Mr. ThÃ©nard after a moment, "you're saying that this Anna girl somehow ended up on our doorstep? Halfway across the world? How likely is that?"

Dumbledore sighed. "I don't know how that happened. But your Camille must be Anna. The resemblance makes it pretty obvious. And that's why Harry and Camille are together. They know they are brother and sister."

Mrs. ThÃ©nard looked up from a wet hankerchief. "But, Professor Dumbledore, Camille couldn't have figured that out. She doesn't know she's adopted."

"Why didn't you tell her?" asked Black.

"Well, we were going to, when she was older," replied her father. "She was already so different from everyone with all the strange things that happened around her. We thought it would make her feel even more isolated."

Dumbledore sighed again. "Well, it's my guess that she knows now. Harry was probably the one to figure it out, and somehow convinced her." He leaned back in his chair. "Well, now that we know who they are, does this help us explain where they've gone?"

Nobody spoke for a few minutes. Then Camille's father said, "Wherever it is, I'm sure it was this boy's idea. My Camille would never do anything this rash and stupid. She never breaks rules. I'm sure this boy Harry convinced her to do something dangerous."

Sirius said, "To be honest, I agree. Harry is a valiant boy, and it seems to me that when he gets an idea into his head, he follows through, regardless of the rules. Now whether that's good or bad, I don't know. I broke quite a few rules in my time, but I often thought those times were justified. Harry and Camille may be off doing something very noble and brave, and worthy of praise, not punishment."

He looked as if he wished to continue, but Dumbledore raised a hand to stop him. "Be that as it may, Sirius, rules are rules. I admit, I have no idea what they're doing. And I am angry. If it was that noble and brave, they could have said something to me or another teacher. I will never know why that boy takes on so many responsibilities, trying to solve everything by himself. Now-" he leaned towards them "-there is one thing I would like to make very clear. Although I am angry at the students for running off, I'm not particularly worried. On one hand, we've got Camille, who's going to be the most talented witch ever taught at this school. Her skill is astounding, especially since most of it is self-taught. Even before she'd opened a spell-book, she was doing complicated magic some of the professors in this school would have trouble with. Like Apparation. I never learned how to Apparate, but she taught herself.

"And then there's Harry. If there's one student at this school to whom I would entrust my life, it would be Harry. He's got his own share of talent, but he's also determined. And he's valiant. Rest assured, Mr. and Mrs. ThÃ©nard, that boy would stop at nothing to protect Camille if it came to that."

Mrs. ThÃ©nard smiled feebly.

"So," Dumbledore continued, "even if they're doing something dangerous, I have a feeling they'll be back in a few days, like Harry promised."

"Did Camille leave a note?" asked Mr. ThÃ©nard. "Or anything? Has anyone looked at her things to see what's missing?"

"No," said Dumbledore. "Why don't we go do that now." The other girls in her dormitory are at lessons."

The foursome walked to the Gryffindor tower, Sirius as a dog trotting beside Dumbledore, the rest silent. Once in the girl's fourth-year dormitory, they examined the nighttable beside Camille's bed. There was nothing there, and her bed, which had been made perfectly, was also empty of any note. Sirius knelt down and opened the trunk. On the top were a few folded sheets of paper. He took them and unfolded them. The top sheet read:

Sirius Black is innocent. Here is the proof.

With trembling hands, Sirius looked at the next sheet of paper. It had been torn out of a book. He read, in a quavering voice, "October 15. Sirius came to visit us today. He no longer wants to be our secret keeper. He has a plan in which we use Peter instead, but make Voldemort think it was Sirius. Then, Lord Voldemort will go after Sirius, and hopefully he'll be able to catch him or something. So James and I owed Peter to come see us." There was a pause as Sirius turned over the page. "October 16. Peter came to see us, and we're performing the Fidelius charm tomorrow. I worry about Sirius. IF

Voldemort comes after him...well, will he even have a chance? He's insisting on doing everything himself. And he won't take any protection..." Sirius skipped over the rest of it and went to the next page. "October 17. Fidelius Charm went well. Peter seems different somehow. Odd. I don't know. Oh, Harry's crying, gotta go."

He stopped and looked up at Dumbledore. The headmaster smiled and took the papers from him. "I'll owl the Ministry of Justice right away. You'll be free by sunset," Dumbledore said gently. Sirius collapsed onto Camille's bed. He spoke in a whisper, "Thank you, Anna. Thank you."

Harry awoke the next morning to find Anna's sleeping bag empty. He got up and looked around. She had obviously started a fire, as one was crackling warmly nearby. He walked toward the stream they had found late last night and stopped, astounded at the sight before his eyes.

Anna was there alright, standing by the brook, stroking the neck of a unicorn! Harry couldn't believe his eyes. Unicorns were gentle creatures, it's true, but impossible to tame. As far as he knew, humans could never get close enough to them to pet them. They would always run away first. But here was his sister touching the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. And the unicorn looked completely docile. Is she for real? thought Harry.

A twig under Harry's feet snapped and both the girl and the animal looked in his direction. Then, silently, the unicorn bounded away into the forest without looking back. "Sorry," he said softly to Anna. "I didn't mean to frighten it."

She smiled at him. "That's alright," she replied. "Wasn't it beautiful?"

Harry looked at Anna, amazed. "How did you do that? Tame that unicorn?"

Anna looked back at the spot where the creature had disappeared. "I don't know. I was getting water from the stream and it came up to me. It let me stroke it. I'd never seen a unicorn before. I didn't know there were such beautiful creatures in the world."

Harry thought about his sister as they had some more sandwiches for breakfast. She's perfect, he thought. She can even tame wild animals.

When they eaten their fill, they started off north again. They had decided that they must have traveled about four miles yesterday before it was too dark to carry on. They started off due north, hoping once again that the six miles their mother had mentioned had been straight miles. "Although," said Anna practically, as the sun rose high above their heads, "We can't really get lost. I can always just Apparate us back to King's Cross or Hogwarts or something. But I do hope we find the castle."

And find it they did. Anna had no sooner closed her mouth then they began to see a large stone building peeking through the trees ahead. Anna put a finger to her lips and motioned at Harry to follow quietly. Harry didn't need to be told. The pleasant noises of the

forest had stopped; only the occasional sound of a hawk cut the silence. There were no more sparrows twittering overhead, or squirrels bounding through the trees. Harry felt a shiver go down his back as they neared the castle.

He stole a look at his sister. She looked a bit frightened, too. But also determined. She glanced quickly at Harry then walked more resolutely towards the castle. When they got very close, they stayed behind the trees, hoping they wouldn't be seen. "How are we going to get in?" muttered Harry.

"Take out your cloak," she whispered, and Harry did as he was told. They threw the cloak over themselves. Anna said quietly, "Wingardium leviosa," and she and Harry rose a few inches off the forest floor. It was a very weird feeling.

"Cool," said Harry in a low voice. "But how are we supposed to move?" But Anna had taken his hand. Obviously she knew what to do, because they began floating forward silently. There were no more sounds of crackling leaves to announce their entrance.

When they had reached what seemed to be the main entrance, a huge pair of wooden doors with brass knockers in the shape of serpents, they stopped. "Now," breathed Anna. "We wait."

And wait they did, for a full twenty minutes. Harry wasn't sure what they were waiting for, but he figured Anna had it under control. Finally, the doors opened, and a mean looking man in a shabby brown cloak came out. "I'm just going to the town," he yelled to someone inside. "I'll be back in an hour." Luckily, he didn't run into the invisible pair as he strode out of the door. Just as it was about to close, Anna pulled them both inside. The door closed with a loud BOOM! that shook the air. They were in a large wooden entrance hall, with huge shields and swords decorating the walls. It was very medieval, and very foreboding. Some of the swords still had a dark substance on them that looked suspiciously like blood. Harry shivered again, and he felt Anna tremble beside him. He found her hand and gave it a reassuring squeeze.

An evil-looking man was sitting in a ornate wooden chair on the right side of the hall, reading a newspaper. He was smoking a cigarette, and his hands constantly clenched and unclenched the side of the newspaper, as if he wanted to throttle somebody. Harry was glad they were invisible or the man might practice throttling them. He noticed, however, that the chair was right next to a padlocked wooden door, which looked as if it might lead somewhere important. He didn't know what they were going to do next, and thought perhaps he should leave it to Anna, who was the mastermind of this entire operation. But Anna wasn't doing anything except standing very still.

Harry decided they should explore a bit; maybe they could find a place without guards where they could speak out loud. He gently tugged Anna's sleeve and pulled her through an archway on the opposite side of where the man was guarding the door. It led into a dismal-looking corridor with only a few candles feebly lighting their way. The hallway twisted and turned, with several doors appearing every few feet on both sides. Harry decided to take his chances. He checked to make sure no one was around, and cautiously opened a door. There was nobody inside the room, which looked like an old bedroom. The remains of a four-poster bed tilted on three legs. Dark green

curtains covered the windows, so the place was very gloomy. Anna closed the door behind them and turned to look at her brother, who had taken off the cloak.

"Phew!" she sighed. "I've been holding my breath forever."

Harry chuckled. "Me, too," he replied. "So? What now? This place gives me the creeps."

Anna was biting her lip. "I know, but we've got to be brave. Listen, what did you think of that padlocked door in the entrance hall? In Hogwarts, the entrance to the dungeons is a door in the Entrance Hall, so maybe this door leads to dungeons, too."

Harry stared at her. "And how exactly do you expect us to get past it? I mean, it was padlocked, and the guy seemed to be a rather ferocious guard."

She smiled at him. "Don't worry about him," she said. "I've learned a few tricks. Besides, the padlock should be easy to get undone as long as its not enchanted. And even so, I'm sure we'll be able to get the key. Ready?" She threw the cloak over them.

Harry was anything but ready, but decided Anna knew what she was doing. They opened the door and peeked out. The corridor was empty, so they slid out into it and closed the door quietly behind them. Harry followed his sister silently back to the entrance hall. They tiptoed over to the guard. Harry heard Anna whisper "Dormiallas!"

Slowly, but surely, the guard's head nodded, and he went to sleep. Harry grinned. Anna had already unlocked the padlock with "Alohomora!" and the door creaked open.

Through it they could see a dark spiral staircase with only a few feeble torches fdsfddfilluminating the walls. The smell of must filled their noses. As they stepped quietly down the stairs, the damp air of the dungeons surrounded them in clouds of mist. At the bottom of the staircase, a long corridor without doors led off into the distance. They followed it for what seemed like a very long time, when suddenly it came to an sort of cul-de-sacin the mist. Luckily, they had been traveling slowly, because they almost ran into another guard sitting at the end of the hallway. The corridor had opened into a circular room with ten doors leading into what certainly looked like cells. The doors were large, wooden, and looked very solid with heavy sets of padlocks on every one.

The guard was reading a newspaper, The Daily Prophet. The twins would later remark to each other that they had thought it was odd that the guard looked so normal. They knew they were in Voldemort's castle, and that everybody who worked for him was either evil or entranced, but they all looked perfectly normal, even down to the newspaper. At the time, however, they didn't have time to waste thinking of such things. Anna put the guard to sleep rather easily again, but couldn't get the padlocks open. "They're enchanted," she said. "I need the key. I can't open them with magic." Everything seemed so easy. The guard had the keyring on his belt. They found the key that fit the first lock, undid the chain, and pushed open the door with a creeeeak. everybody who worked for him was either evil or entranced, but they all looked perfectly normal, even down to the newspaper.

At the time, however, they didn't have time to waste thinking of such things. Anna put the guard to sleep rather easily again, but couldn't get the padlocks open. "They're enchanted," she said. "I need the key. I can't open them with magic."

Everything seemed so easy. The guard had the keyring on his belt. They found the key that fit the first lock, undid the chain, and pushed open the door with a creeeeak.

The cell inside was empty.

It was a small cell, about ten feet by ten feet, with no furniture. Harry sighed. Were all the cells empty?

The next cell was the same size, and empty, too. Harry was pulling the invisibility cloak over his head when Anna said, "Wait. Keep it on. We don't know who or what we're going to find if any of these cells are occupied." She gestured to the door in the exact center of the semi-circle. "Let's try that one."

The door creaked open to reveal a large room, not a small cell like the other doors. Several benches were placed about the room, and beds were scattered in the corners of the room. A large dining table sat in the center of the room. And gathered around the table and on some of the benches were about fifteen people. Harry smiled to himself. They had found the prisoners.

They were all dressed in old brown robes. As they stood staring in the children's direction, Harry and Anna noticed how tired and haggard they looked. And sad, terribly sad.

"Who's there?" said a thin woman with black hair near the center of the room.

Too late, the twins realized they were still wearing the cloak. They pulled it off. "Sorry," said Anna. She and Harry were looking around at the fifteen prisoners. Some were about the right age for their parents, but they saw no pretty woman with auburn hair and green eyes, nor did they see a man with black untidy hair. Harry's heart sank. Their parents weren't here.

"Well?" said the woman. "Who are you?"

Anna, whose face had fallen, turned her gaze on the woman. "Sorry," she said again. "Well, we're here to rescue you. At least, that is, if you want to be rescued of course."

The prisoners just stood and looked at them. Harry had a sudden, terrible idea that these weren't prisoners at all, but Voldemort's servants, and that he and Anna were about to be killed.

But, after a moments silence, the woman spoke again. This time, it was with anger in her voice. "Well, it's about time. Do you know how long we've been here? Thirteen years! How dare you people just leave us to rot in here!" She started towards the children, who backed against the door.

"Abby," said a old man near the woman, grabbing her arm and holding

her back. "They're just children. They can't be much more than thirteen or fourteen themselves. Now, hush, and let's hear what they have to say. And after all, I don't see how we could have been rescued any sooner. God knows how they found this place at all."

Anna smiled at the man. "That's right, sir, nobody knew where this castle was. We only found it by luck, you see. We were, well, we were--"

"Looking for someone else," interrupted Harry. "But we'll be happy to rescue you, too."

"What's going on?" said a voice to their left. A woman emerged from a doorway the twins hadn't noticed before, a doorway which must have led into another room. Anna and Harry turned at the sound and stared at the woman leaning against the archway.

Harry was the first to find his voice. "MUM!" he shouted, voice choking, as he ran towards her. Anna wasn't far behind, sobbing, "Mama! Mama!"

The woman looked astounded as the twins wrapped their arms around her neck, but only for a moment. Then the realization hit her. "Harry? Anna?" she whispered. "Oh, my darlings!" and threw her arms about them both, weeping with joy.

Soon the twins were aware of another person hugging them. They turned eager faces, staring into the eyes of the man they knew to be their father. He smiled proudly at them. "Well, kids," he said. "I always knew you'd come to rescue us someday." Harry and Anna laughed.

Harry had dreamt of this moment all his life. He didn't want to ever let go of his father's arm or ever turn his face away from his mother's green eyes. Anna was leaning against her father's chest with a wide smile on her face, tears streaming down her cheeks.

They stood there for a long time, but then one of the other prisoners broke in. "Um, James? Lily? This really is wonderful, reunion and all, but, are we escaping, or what?"

Anna laughed. "Oh, sorry. We forgot. We know how to get you out of here. All of you," she said to the people in the room.

"We do?" asked Harry, perplexed.

"Yes," replied his sister. "We're going to go back the same way we came in. The guards are asleep, and the doors unlocked. We'll just have to hope nobody else sees us leaving the castle."

"Well, if you can get us out of the castle," said James Potter. "We can get out of the area by Apparition. We can't do it in here, though. The castle's enchanted."

"Like Hogwarts," replied Harry. His mother nodded.

"No problem," said Anna calmly. "The spell I put on the guards should last another ten minutes or so. All we have to do is walk back up the staircase into the Entrance Hall. Let Harry and I go first, because

we've got an Invisibility Cloak" --"my cloak!" exclaimed her father -- "yes Papa. Then, we'll tell you to follow us."

"Oh, but wait," said Harry. "Where are we going to Apparate to? Maybe we should all go to the same place."

"Hogwarts," said Lily and James promptly, as well as three other prisoners. They grinned at each other.

"Then it's agreed." said James. "We'll all meet on the Hogwarts grounds and get quick as we can into the castle itself. Nobody would be able to follow us there."

"Um, Anna?" whispered Harry as they started along the corridor past the sleeping guard. "You will be sure to take me with you when you go back to Hogwarts? Remember, I can't do it myself." She smiled at him and nodded.

When they had climbed the stairs and reached the door connecting the Entrance Hall, Harry and Anna threw the cloak over their shoulders. They hoped nobody was in the Entrance Hall at the time, because they would certainly see the door open. Anna pushed it open the slightest crack, but saw no one save the snoring guard, paper still clutched in his hand. She and Harry slipped out into the otherwise empty hall and tiptoed over the door to the forest. They cracked this one open as well, but saw no one.

"Come on!" hissed Harry in the direction of the people standing nervously in the doorway to the dungeons. He and Anna slipped off the cloak and stepped outside.

As people stepped out blinking in the sunlight, they all smiled at the warmth of the outside air on their faces. Then, with a snap of their fingers, they were gone. The twins stayed behind to make sure everyone got out. Just as James, who had been bringing up the rear, stepped out of the castle, they heard "Hey! Stop!" and turned around to see the man who had left the castle earlier to go into town. He was running towards them, wand raised and pointed in their direction.

James took action. He had no wand with which to block curses, so he grabbed the children's shoulders and Apparated them away. They found themselves back on the grounds, breathing sighs of relief, and following the others into the Hogwarts entrance hall.

Once inside, everybody smiled. The prisoners were finally free, and they couldn't help hugging each other in delight. They knew they were safe at Hogwarts. Most of them had gone to school there, too, and looked around with a thrill of homecoming at the familiar tapestries and paintings.

Harry and Anna stood hugging their parents, filled with more joy they could ever have thought possible. They got a good look at them now. Lily looked older than the pictures they had seen, of course, but she still had sparkling green eyes and a beautiful smile. The resemblance to Anna was even more extraordinary now that the two stood side by side. Of course, Lily had red hair which didn't match Anna's black, curly locks, but the faces were exactly the same. James looked rather haggard and worn, with heavy wrinkles around his eyes and mouth and on his forehead. But his hair, although graying a little, still stood

up untidily in the back of his head, just like Harry's did. Lily laughed as she ran her fingers through her son's hair. "I don't suppose it would be any use to tell you to comb your hair, Harry dear. It never was any use with your father."

"But, tell us everything." said James. "How did you find us? And how did you survive Voldemort's curse? We knew Anna, you were alright, because Lily sent you to Sirius. But, we always thought that since Harry, that since you weren't taken prisoner with us, that you'd been, well, killed," he said with a sad face. "The thought has tortured us these thirteen years."

Harry and Anna looked at each other. It was going to take a long time to tell this story. "Well, for starters," said Anna carefully. "I wasn't sent to Sirius. You must have made a mistake, Mama. I sort of ended up in America. Adopted. I mean, I was perfectly fine. I just didn't know anything about you until I came to Hogwarts."

Lily was looking horrified. "You mean, you grew up in an orphanage? Oh, Anna, how terrible! I'm so sorry! I was never very good at doing spells under pressure. I should have known I would make a mistake--"

"Oh, no," exclaimed Anna. "It was alright. Anyway, it was better that I didn't go to Sirius, because, well, oh Mama, it's such a long story."

End
file.